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LIFE OF

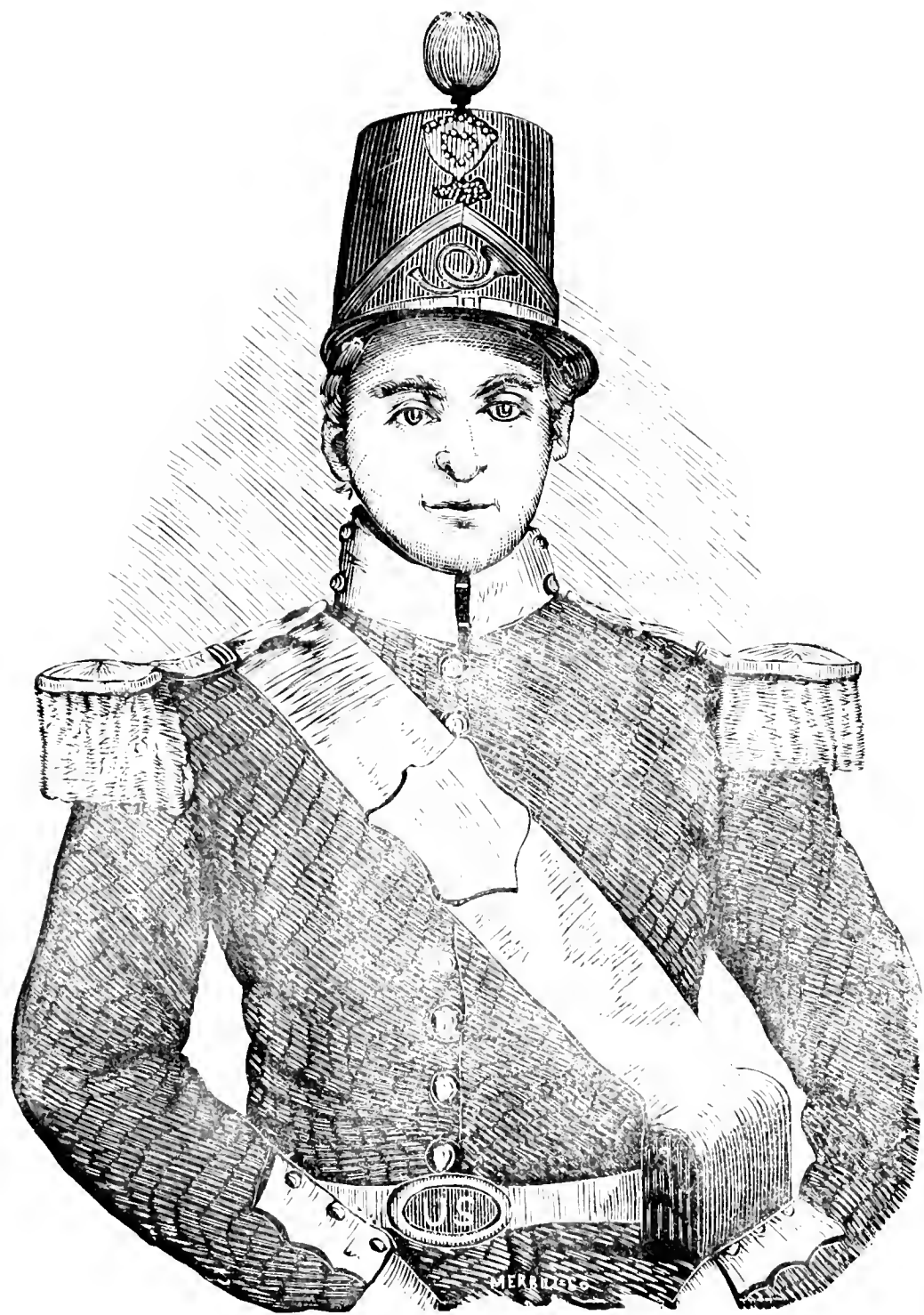
LUTHER C. LADD,

Who Fell in Baltimore, April 19th, 1861,

EXCLAIMING :



BY A CITIZEN OF ALEXANDRIA.



*"Dear Sisters, I shall go to defend the Capital,
and fight for my Stars and Stripes."*

William C. Cudd.

LIFE OF
LUTHER C. LADD,

THE FIRST MARTYR THAT FELL A SACRIFICE TO HIS
COUNTRY, IN THE CITY OF BALTIMORE, ON THE 19th
OF APRIL, 1861, WHILE BRAVELY DEFENDING THE
FLAG OF THE NATION, EXCLAIMING WITH HIS
DYING BREATH,

“ALL HAIL TO THE STARS AND STRIPES!”

ACCOMPANIED WITH

A LIKENESS TAKEN FROM LIFE ;

TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS PARENTAGE, AND
A DESCRIPTION OF HIS HOME IN ALEXANDRIA, N. H.

ALSO, AN ACCOUNT OF THE BRILLIANT

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT AT PORT ROYAL.

BY A CITIZEN OF ALEXANDRIA.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

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TO THE PATRIOTIC YOUNG MEN OF THE LOYAL STATES
THAT HAVE VOLUNTARILY ENLISTED TO
DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION, SUPPORT THE UNION,
AND
QUELL REBELLION,
THIS WORK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE
AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In presenting this work, this history of Luther C. Ladd, of Alexandria, to the loyal American Public, the Author believes that the perusal of the same will be interesting to the Community; and to the Union-loving man at this time, it will be a source of pride to know and feel that brave and noble actions are remembered and honored by a grateful people.

It is the Author's fortune to have known Luther C. Ladd from infancy and to have been present at his funeral,—one of the vast cortege that followed his remains to the grave.

Not much is said of the mother of Luther, as she died when her son was seven years of age, leaving a bereaved husband and six children to mourn the loss of a kind companion and an affectionate mother.

The father, John Ladd, subsequently married the sister of his first wife with whom he now lives.

It is probable that our young hero inherited the love of adventure from his father's family. John Ladd was too young to engage in the war of 1812, but two of his older brothers served during the war.

For the account of the funeral ceremonies that occurred at Lowell, we are indebted to the Editor of the *Vox Populi*.

Since this work was written, by the urgent request of the Governor of Massachusetts and the Municipal Authorities of Lowell, the friends of the deceased have consented that his remains should be removed from Alexandria to Lowell, where they now remain entombed, with the assurance, that when the smoke of the conflict shall have passed away, a suitable monument shall be erected, by the patriotic citizens of Massachusetts, to the memory of Luther C. Ladd and Addison O. Whitney, the first MARTYRS in this eventful war.

INTRODUCTION.

More than half a million of patriots are now in arms to crush the rebellion, to sustain the Constitution, and preserve the Union. They have nobly responded to their Country's call; they have rallied around our National Ensign, the old Flag of our Country—that flag that waved triumphantly over the Hero of New Orleans and his brave companions in 1815; that the dying Lawrence gazed upon with glassy, half closed eyes, when he uttered the memorable sentence, “Don't give up the Ship;” that the gallant Perry flung to the breeze on Lake Erie; that the hero of Lundy's Lane and Chapultepec unfurled to the winds on the Halls of the Montezumas; that the invincible Taylor waved over his head as he drove the myrmidons of Santa Anna from the field of Buena Vista; this glorious old flag, crimsoned by the blood of Revolutionary heroes, bedecked with stars at Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Trenton, and Yorktown, *must not be dishonored*. It has waved over our heads from infancy. Its stars have been gazed upon and numbered by every nation on earth; Japanese ladies, that never with naked eye gazed on stranger man, drew aside their veils to catch a view of the broad pennant of Com. Parry's Flag Ship, and even the stoic millions of the “Celestial Empire” beheld the Stars and Stripes with wonder.

Cursed be the hand that attempts to rend them assunder.
Palsied be the heart that seeks to diminish their number.

The upheavings of twenty million of patriotic hearts, seconded by the invincible bravery of more than half a million of armed soldiery, must ultimately crush rebellion.

The cordon of gigantic armaments, the hundreds of thousands of bristling bayonets that now encircle "Secessia" must crush the monster. True, the gallant Lyon, pressing on to victory fell, with Immortality blessing his name, and Virtue cherishing his memory. Yes, the noble, eloquent, heroic Baker gloriously fell at his post while encountering fearful odds. But millions live to avenge their death.

CHAPTER I.

PATRIOTIC FEELINGS. EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

It was at the breaking out of this unnatural war, immediately after the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, when a thrill of consternation and amazement convulsed all the loyal States, when men silently made oath on the altar of their country, that this insult to our flag should be avenged, that our young hero, in common with the patriotic citizens of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, whose soil had been crimsoned by the blood of the Revolutionary Fathers at Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, felt that duty, honor, and love of country demanded his services to defend those Stars and Stripes that had so long waved over the Capital and the Nation. A thousand thanks to the brave soldiers of Massachusetts, who so promptly responded to their country's call, thus saving the Capital from being seized by the rebels.

The early associations of life give character to the man. The scenery that surrounds him in the morning of his days, helps form his physical, moral and intellectual nature, and his future career depends much upon home scenes and home education. Nature, indeed, gives some physical strength, joined with an inherent love of freedom and a just knowledge of true honor and bravery. The germ of true bravery often develops itself in early life, and the spark of intense patriotism often glows into a flame when the first occasion occurs to manifest its legitimate action. True it is, that the inner nature, revolving within itself

the elements that constitute its existence, even in solitude, longs to break from the dull monotony of surrounding objects and rush into some field of excitement, where it can more fully give action to the impulse of its nature and take a more active, heroic part in the great drama of life. The ambitious youth longs for time to move more swiftly, and would gladly urge on the velocity of the machinery of nature, hoping that by the upheavings of society he may ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm. Such were the suppressed feelings of Luther C. Ladd, as he poured over the history of the world, as he read of the battle of Thermopylæ, the heroes of Greece and Rome, the conquests of Alexander, the dauntless bravery of Bonaparte, and the fortitude and patriotism of Washington. His delight was in reading the lives of heroes and recounting the scenes of the battle field. The boy that may apparently delight in farming, that tills the soil, swings the scythe, wields the axe, drives the team or holds the plow, or cultivates a mechanical taste often longs to exchange his position for another more bold and daring. He delights to listen to the cannon's roar, to be where grape and cannister make swaths of men; where, instead of the slow step of the ox, he may witness the tramping of horses and listen to the bugle's sound. He longs to wield the sword instead of the spade, to exchange the axe for the gun and bayonet. The unwritten history of such brave spirits is more interesting than the acts of thousands. Such were his feelings, as our young hero toiled along through active life for seventeen summers, amidst sunshine and tempests, in prosperity and adversity, still pressing onward and onward, ever resolving that whatever he did should be well done, till on the 19th of April, 1861, life's grand drama closed in the city of Baltimore, while bravely defending the Stars and Stripes of his country. Deeply has

the "Monumental City" drank of the cup of sorrow for the shameful attack made upon the brave soldiers of the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment on that eventful 19th of April. The iron heel of power has crushed her rebellious spirit and silence sits at her doors. The blood of Ladd, Whitney, and Needham cries to them from the ground. The tears and sorrows of a bereaved father and disconsolate sisters have been poured out in wrath on this doomed City of Baltimore. In solemn silence, in mournful tribulation will the anniversary of that day be ushered in.

CHAPTER II.

HIS BIRTH PLACE. PARENTAGE.

Alexandria, New Hampshire, claims his birth place, the nation his glory. Bravery is engraven upon his escutcheon, and immortality on his memory. The first martyr to liberty in this eventful war will never die. In great national conflicts, in soul-trying emergencies, bravery never dies. The hero that, as the blood exuded from his mortal wounds, with his dying breath and half closed eyes, exclaimed, "ALL HAIL TO THE STARS AND STRIPES!" will live forever. Mothers, as they relate the heroic deeds of the past will point their offspring to young Ladd. The muse that calls down from heaven brave spirits, will hold converse with our young hero.

Luther Crawford Ladd was born in the Town of Alexandria, in the County of Grafton, State of New Hampshire, on the 22d day of December, A. D. 1843. He was named for Rev. Luther Crawford, a distinguished Baptist Clergyman, and a native of Alexandria, who died several years since in one of the Western cities. His father, John Ladd, of Alexandria, is still living, to mourn over the loss, and to rejoice at the bravery of his son. John Ladd is a man of action, a man of decision, "a man of iron." Having been the father of ten children, (four of whom are now living,) and being dependent on his own efforts to support his family and educate his children, his life has been a busy one. He is a farmer by profession and practice. Ten years since, in order to replenish his

stock of earthly goods, he went to California, hoping there, on the shores of the Pacific, to find gold more plenty than among the granite hills of New Hampshire. Thus early he embarked for the golden clime. He encountered many perils, by sea and by land, thrice happy in the anticipation of a future competency, buried among the sands of California. After an absence of two years he returned to his family and friends in Alexandria. His success in the mines, like all other miners, is a secret kept in his own bosom. The writer knows that John Ladd still lives, and that he is in comfortable circumstances. If the weary traveller, on a mission of mercy, hungry and faint, should visit Alexandria, and enquire for a quiet place to rest his weary limbs, without money or price, he at once would be directed to John Ladd's. On a plain, or rather an interval, he would find a capacious mansion, two stories high, the interior well finished and furnished, surrounded by spacious and convenient out buildings suited to the wants of a farmer. Here lives John Ladd—here once lived the heroic son.

Within ten rods of the mansion of John Ladd stands a new church, its spire pointing heavenward, seemingly to throw a spirit of enchantment over the place. In this church John Ladd and family worshipped. Here the brave son, with his parents and four sisters, on each Sabbath morning were seen. By a concurrence of circumstances this church was built soon after the return of John Ladd from California, in the erection of which he took an active part,—freely contributing “material aid.”

John Ladd is an active member of the Methodist Society and Church in Alexandria. His home is the home of the ministers of the Gospel, the asylum for the needy.

Within sixty rods, stands the school house where our young hero attended school, and where he, under the

guidance of competent teachers, acquired a respectable education. He was not so anxious to attain a liberal as a practical education.

It was stated in a previous chapter that the scenes and associations that surround boyhood help make the man. It might have been so with young Luther. Around his home, lie spread two thousand acres of meadow land ; before his father's house is a common on which Luther and his boon companions used to amuse themselves in playing ball, and athletic exercises. Westward, peering to the clouds, rose the bald summit of Old Cardigan Mountain, its top for six months covered with snow and ice, while from its sides leaped sparkling springs of crystal water, downward and onward, forming rivulets, stored with trout, which often afforded our young hero much pleasure in gratifying his angling propensities.

It sometimes happens, that in the spring of the year, when the snow and ice melt from off "Old Cardigan" and the surrounding mountains in Alexandria, accompanied by heavy rains, that the common in front of John Ladd's house is inundated, and the citizens of the village are in great danger of being swept away by the flood. Indeed, it was but a few years since, when apparently the "windows of heaven were opened," and the foaming elements madly leaping from Old Cardigan's side, threatened the entire village with destruction. Oozing springs opened wide their now capacious mouths, bubbling brooks were transformed into mighty rivers, and the converging, furious waters made a vast lake around the entire village, which seemed like a floating city ; while the main channel seemed intent on the destruction of John Ladd's house, which, but for the resistance made by the trunks and roots of two towering elms, must have been washed away.

Here was a scene suited to the romantic taste of our young hero, as he

“Laughed at the tempest and smiled at the storm.”

He had an adventurous spirit, a longing desire to reach the topmost point of all spires and flag-staffs. When a mere boy, this love of high seats had nearly cost him his life. Ascending a ladder that reached from the ground to the eaves of the house, still climbing from rafter to rafter till he reached the ridge pole, by a misstep he fell to the bottom of the cellar, a distance of thirty feet, where he was soon caught in the arms of his elder sister, apparently lifeless. But by the application of proper restoratives, the next day he was at play on the common. His time had not yet come. He was destined to die a more honorable death—while defending the flag of his country.

But we have digressed from a description of our young hero's home. Northward rose the peering hills that overshadow Alexandria, and form the dividing line between Alexandria and Hebron, the residence of His Excellency Nathaniel S. Berry, the high-minded and patriotic Governor of New Hampshire. Eastward spreads the clear waters of Newfound Lake, its banks overhung on its western shore with a rampart of granite rocks, piled mountain high by nature, seemingly to mock the puny power of man. The bald eagle soars aloft over her eyry and the waves beat in vain at the base of this “Alexandria Gibraltar.” During the winter, the lake is frozen over, forming an excellent thoroughfare, over which hundreds of tons of lumber are transported from Hebron to Bristol Depot.

Amidst such grand and varied scenery Luther C. Ladd was born. No wonder then, that he should have such exalted ideas of greatness, patriotism and bravery. No

wonder that the towering summit of Cardigan, and the mighty walls of Newfound Lake should fill him with exalted ideas of grandeur and inspire him to perform deeds of bravery.

CHAPTER III.

LUTHER AT HOME. HIS FATHER.

Look yonder ! there stands, or rather walks, the father, a man of middling stature, a piercing eye, dark hair, bilious and muscular temperament. See those large oxen ! By their side stands a boy of sixteen summers, short, thick, stout, with the father's eye and thick, heavy eyebrows ; there he walks, driving team to plow or harrow, draw lumber, or clear up land, or whatever needed most to be done. Follow our young farmer. In the spring or winter of 1860, only seventeen years old, he takes his axe and goes into the woods and chops twenty cords of wood. He was inured to hardship, but never shrank from the faithful performance of any necessary labor. In all the departments of country farming he was well skilled, but ever manifested a love for mechanics. With great pleasure he examined the most complicated machinery, and often manifested a desire to learn a trade. Having three sisters in Lowell, in the spring of 1860, he, with the consent of his parents, went to Lowell and there commenced work in the Lowell Machine Shop. By close attention to his business he made rapid progress, and won, by his good behavior, the esteem of his associates and the good will of his overseer. In common with the patriotic citizens of Massachusetts, and particularly Lowell, he anxiously watched the progress of the rebellion and early determined to be in readiness to fight for the flag of his

country. He therefore early enlisted into the Lowell City Guards, Capt. Hart commander, ready and anxiously waiting for the time to come to defend the Stars and Stripes.

Luther was an only son. Already had death made sad inroads in the family. An affectionate mother laid in the grave, and by her side, in the family burying ground, quietly slept four children. No wonder then, that loving sisters should feel sad when their only brother announced to them that he had "decided to volunteer with his company and fight the rebels," that they need not fear that he "would cover himself with glory." Too patriotic themselves to try to dissuade him from responding to his country's call, and knowing full well the inflexibility of his purpose, they could only commend him to the care of Providence and the destiny that awaited him.

When the time of his departure came, he being a minor, a brother-in-law, Mr. Dow of Lowell, in order to test his resolution, offered to intercede in his behalf; but our young hero indignantly refused to listen to the proposition, saying, "*I am going to fight for my Stars and Stripes.*"

The likeness on the frontpiece was copied from an ambrotype taken on the morning of the day he took his departure for Washington, and left with his sister in Lowell. His uniform was then on, and the firm decision of his mind can be seen in his countenance.

CHAPTER IV.

ADDISON OTIS WHITNEY. THE MARCH.

It is proper that in this work we should give a brief notice of Addison O. Whitney, a member of the City Guards, who also fell a victim to the fury of the mob in Baltimore on the 19th of April. The facts we gather from the friends of the lamented Whitney.

Addison Otis Whitney, son of John T. and Jane B. Whitney, was born in Waldo, Maine, and was twenty-one years of age, Oct. 30, 1860. Two years previous to his death he came to the city of Lowell, where he sustained an upright and unimpeachable character, greatly endearing himself to all who knew him, and especially to the family with whom he boarded, winning the espousal of one who had learned his worth and could reciprocate his love. He also was a member of the Lowell City Guards, and from a high sense of honor of a soldier's duty, promptly responded to his country's call.

"The future historian of America will assign Luther C. Ladd and Addison O. Whitney a place in history, as the first martyrs of the struggle against rebellion and anarchy." They nobly met death without a murmur: their names will never die.

The account of the daring march of the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment through the city of Baltimore, on the 19th of April, 1861, is familiar to all. While marching towards the depot they were assailed by a mob, with missiles and brick-bats, and fired upon by traitors to their country

and God. While thus marching, Luther C. Ladd received a mortal wound on the head, which fractured his skull. Stunned by a blow, but still moving onward, a ball passed through his thigh, severing an artery ; casting a farewell look at the flag that waved over him, with glassy eyes, fainting from loss of blood, he fell, exclaiming with his dying breath,

“ALL HAIL TO THE STARS AND STRIPES !”

Thus ended the mortal career of Luther C. Ladd. Thus terminated our young hero's ambition.

CHAPTER V.

FUNERAL OF LUTHER C. LADD AND ADDISON O. WHITNEY. IMPOSING CEREMONIES THAT TRANSPIRED ON THAT OCCASION.

On receipt of the news of the death of Ladd and Whitney, Col. Jones dispatched Merrill S. Wright of Lowell, from Washington to Baltimore, to take charge of their mortal remains, as also the body of Sumner Henry Needham, who died on the 27th of April, in consequence of wounds received on the 19th. The bodies arrived at the Worcester Depot, in Boston, Wednesday, May the 2d. An immense concourse of spectators were present, and the Independent Cadets escorted them to the place set apart for their reception, the tomb under Kings Chapel. Among the distinguished persons present were Gov. Andrew, Cols. Sargent and Lee of his staff, Gen. Schouler, the Executive Council, Hon. Alexander H. Rice and Hon. John S. Keyes, U. S. Marshall. The bodies were taken from the cars and placed on biers, canopied with flags, conveyed to the side walk and then placed on hearses. The Cadets marched with arms reversed, the Boston Brigade Band playing a dirge. The Governor and other officials followed in carriages to the Chapel. The sidewalks along the route and windows were crowded with spectators, and the street draped in mourning.

It was the desire of the State Authorities that the funeral ceremonies should take place in Boston, but such arrangement not being agreeable to the minds of the

friends of the deceased, it was decided that the funeral of Mr. Needham should take place at Lawrence, and that of Messrs. Ladd and Whitney at Lowell. An especial train, appropriately decorated, was provided for the purpose of bringing the bodies and Committee of Escort to Lowell.

On arrival at the depot, in Lowell, it was met by the Military Escort under the command of Capt. Proctor, and the Municipal Authorities, all under the command of Chief Marshall Sawtelle. The procession marched to the entrance of Huntington Hall, the Band playing dirges on the march. The mills, workshops and other places of business were generally closed, and thousands of people assembled in the vicinity of Huntington Hall. The friends and relatives of the deceased had previously entered the hall. The caskets containing the bodies, which were enveloped in flags, were brought in and placed in front of the gallery. Mayor Sargent and invited guests took seats on the platform. The members of the City Council and Clergymen were seated immediately behind the mourners. Immediately after, the doors were thrown open and the vast hall was densely filled, and thousands were unable to obtain admission. The hall had been neatly decorated under the direction of Alfred Gilman, Esq. Flags were suspended bearing appropriate mottos, and the original colors of the City Guards were seen conspicuous in the hall. The platform was covered with dark carpeting, the black being relieved with stars, and the white with black drapery. On the walls, in bold capitals, were the dying words of the heroic Ladd, "ALL HAIL TO THE STARS AND STRIPES!" The magnificent canopy that contained the bodies was supported by four columns and surmounted with a gilt eagle.

His Honor, Mayor Sargent, came forward and an-

nounced that the preliminary arrangements were complete and the funeral exercises then commenced.

1. A Dirge by the Lowell Brigade Band.
2. Reading a portion of the Scriptures.
3. Prayer by the Rev. Dr. Cleaveland.
4. Anthem by St. Ann's Choir.
5. Discourse by the Rev. W. R. Clark, from Psalms cxxxvii: 5, 6.

The sermon was patriotic and eloquent, and listened to with breathless silence. The Rev. Clergyman said every American should love his country with unparalleled ardor as the grand pioneer of christian civilization. That the civil liberty of the 18th and 19th centuries owes its origin, under God, to those who laid the foundation of the Western Empire. At Plymouth, the genius of Liberty disembarked, built her palace in the wilderness, and it changed to fruitful fields and populous cities. She planted in her vales the rose of Sharon and the air became fragrant with its perfume. She waked her lyre to Bethlehem's strains, and playful breezes, waving woods, rustling rivers, and rolling sea, united with myriad of happy hearts to swell the grand diapason of her melodies. She drew her commission from the Bible, and her inspiration from Heaven, and rose to shake the mightiest nation on earth. And now, stretching herself from sea to sea, she is sending the pulsation of her mighty heart, with each ebbing tide, around the globe to enter into the life and shape the destinies of unborn generations.

But alas! alas! while executing this heaven-appointed mission, the tocsin of rebellion is struck in our midst. States which owe her an endless debt of gratitude, are now insulting her flag and plotting her ruin. Ere the sovereign people were aware of it, her capital had become

a nest of traitors. Before the Administration is inaugurated and its policy declared, they wantonly break their allegiance to the Government and take advantage of official trust to pillage the treasury, demoralize its army and navy, steal arms and ammunition, and with them capture its forts and arsenals. Such sneaking perfidy and black-hearted treason, must have been "set on fire of hell." The curses of their country, not loud but deep, will follow those official miscreants to their graves and forever haunt their memories, making them spectres from which the good and coming generations will step back as from "goblins damned." If anything ever transpired among men calling for the avenging sword of heaven, it is this foul betrayal of sacred trust, which a generous people confided to their honor. But Omnipotent Providence has already "bathed his sword in heaven," that he may avenge him of his adversaries, and the sword shall devour and be satiate and made drunk with their blood. The dullest intellect cannot fail to perceive the prophetic import of the signs of the times. The spontaneous uprising of twenty millions of people from luxurious ease in which they have been cradled for three quarters of a century, to the stern sacrifices, dangers and discipline of war, is the miracle of modern history. Our own Commonwealth, always in the van where sacrifices are to be made and dangers braved for her country, has led the marshalled hosts of patriots to the field of mortal combat. Yet with no vain glory nor stoically ambitious sentiment has she sent forth her sons from her altars and hearth-stones. She has bid them go in God's name, following them with her prayers and benedictions, and enshrining their names in her heart of hearts. True to her spirit, they promptly marched to dare and do, and three of them to seal their devotion with their blood, before being permitted to strike the first blow to vindicate the honor of their country's flag.

The aching heart-throbs of our Commonwealth at this sad event, could have no more fitting expression than in the telegram of her honored Executive to the Mayor of Baltimore: "I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be immediately laid out and preserved in ice, and tenderly sent forward to me. All the expenses will be paid by this Commonwealth."

And now that she is permitted to receive these sacred forms to her bosom, she pauses, while the country rushes to arms, to embalm them in her tears. Her capital would gratefully have performed these funeral rites had not Lowell a priority of claim.

Ever since the lightning flashed over the country the news that these brave men had fallen by the ruthless hands of a murderous mob, our city has been in tears. To-day she sits in mourning. Her closed marts, mills and workshops; her minute guns and tolling bells, her long and solemn cortege headed by the military and municipal government, the vast concourse, oblivious of sect or party, in tearful silence around these biers, all attest the impassioned grief which Lowell felt for the fallen heroes. In early life these sons of aged pious parents have fallen in the service of their country, on a day precious to every American patriot, the eighty-sixth anniversary of the first blood spilled in the struggle for our liberties at Concord and Lexington. Their spirits are gone to God who gave them. Henceforth the heroes of Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill and Baltimore, shall blazon together on the pages of their country's history like the stars in the flag whose honor they died to uphold.

Three weeks ago to-morrow when I saw the City Guards start for the seat of war, I said in my heart, "these men will give good account of themselves when the trial

comes." Little did I think so soon occasion would verify the prediction. In seventy-two hours from that time they were in the heart of Baltimore, beset by an infuriated mob of eight thousand persons, bent on stopping their progress whither their country had called them. With soldier-like spirit and discipline, they formed a hollow square and press on in double-quick time through a shower of missiles and pistol shots from the windows of three story buildings and the sidewalks of the narrow streets, bearing with them the wounded, without returning a fire until ordered to do so to prevent being borne down by the murderous gang.

And may you my dear friend whose plans of life were broken when one of these gallant hearts ceased to beat, turn your riven heart to Him who can all our sorrows heal, who wept with the bereaved in his earthly sojourn, and whose tender heart is still the same and melts at human woe.

To you my fellow citizens in arms, some of whom wait the call to action, and other of whom have just received it and are on the eve of marching, I may only say, catch the spirit of your fallen brothers and let their valor be your talisman in camp and field. Wherever your country calls, like them move firmly, trustfully by her standard.

"Invincible Banner! the Flag of the Free,
O where treads the foot that would falter for thee?
Or the hands to be folded, till triumph is won,
And the eagle looks prond as of old to the sun?
Give tears for the passing, a murmur of prayer,
Then forward! the fame of your standard to share.
Give welcome to wounding, and combat and scars,
And the glory of death, for the Stripes and the Stars!

Tenderly will we lay away these loved ones to rest until the morning of the resurrection, while on their tombstones will be sculptured words which will make them prouder mausoleums than kings and conquerors can boast.

6. The following Hymn, written for the occasion, by Rev. C. W. Homer, of St. John's Church, was read by Rev. J. J. Twiss, and sung by St. Ann's Choir.

Before thy throne great God we bow,
Humbly we bend the sorrowing head,
And ask Thy pity while we now
Commit to earth our Patriot Dead.

Our Patriot Dead! for them we claim,
A place in Memory's holiest shrine;
A sacred treasure, shall their name
Be handed down to coming time?

In Freedom's cause these first fruits sleep;
In perils tried, they proved true men;
And while we o'er their ashes weep,
Their martyr-seed springs up again.

Their glorious death shall make us brave,
We wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis hallowed ground—the soldier's grave;
'Tis sacred dust reposes here.

Choose we with them the patriot's part;
Our Country's cause doth loudly cry;
Be this most dear to every heart,
The noblest lot—*to do and die!*

7. Prayer by Rev. Darwin Mott.

8. Benediction by Rev. Frederick Hinckley.

The audience then passed from the hall and the procession formed under the direction of

Col. Sawtell, Chief Marshal.

Military Escort, by Capt. P. S. Proctor.

Abbott Light Guards, Capt. E. G. Abbott.

Company K., Lieut. M. Donovan.

Lowell Brigade Band.

Richardson Light Infantry, Capt. P. A. Davis.
Bodies.

Pall Bearers.

Lieuts. G. E. Dana.
W. E. Farrer.
E. S. Hunt.
Surg. W. H. Bradley.
Capt. T. Tebbitts.

Pall Bearers.

Lieuts. James Francis.
H. H. Fuller.
D. W. Roach.
T. Claffey.
David Hyde.

Chief Marshal.

Relatives and Friends.

His Honor the Mayor of Lowell.
His Honor the Mayor of Lawrence.

Board of Aldermen.

Common Council.

City Officers.

Judges and Clerk of Police Court.
Sheriff of Middlesex Co. and District Attorney.

Officiating Clergy.

Clergymen of the City.

Lawrence Brass Band.

Past Honorary Members of City Guards, Capt. Lawrence.

Company from Machine Shop, Capt. Burke.

Lowell Veterans, Capt. J. G. Peabody.

Lowell Light Infantry, Lieut. Smith.

Butler Rifles, Capt. James.

Zouaves, Capt. Brady.

The procession, which was a mile long, reached the Cemetery about half past five o'clock. Here the bodies were taken from the hearses and deposited in the receiving tomb. Three salutes were fired over the tomb, when the vast cortege returned to the city and quietly, but solemnly, repaired to their several homes.

Thus ended this grand, solemn funeral exercise; the spontaneous outgushing of sympathy and patriotism, man-

ifested by the citizens of Lowell to her distinguished dead.

The next day the remains of Luther C. Ladd were taken in charge by his friends from Alexandria, accompanied by Alderman J. P. Folsom, Hon. W. L. North, President of the Common Council, Lowell, and by them conveyed to his native place. In sad and solemn silence, with suppressed emotions, hearts swollen with feeling and throbbing with sorrow, the citizens of Alexandria took charge of the remains of him who in life was so beloved.

Suffice it to say, we consigned the young hero's remains to the grave with military honors. A vast concourse of people were in attendance. Flags were suspended at half mast, trimmed with mourning, and an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Currier, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the close of which a long, long farewell view was taken of the mutilated remains of our young martyr to Liberty, when the procession formed under the direction of Darwin Forbes, Esq., of Alexandria, and marched to the grave.

The Bristol Home Guard, commanded by Col. Rollins; the Alexandria Phalanx, by Capt. Sleeper, with arms reversed, and music playing with muffled drums escorted the remains to the grave, all forming a procession three-fourths of a mile long.

It was the most solemn and grand funeral cortege ever witnessed in the State. Over his grave were fired three salutes, when the imposing procession returned to the once cheerful home of Luther C. Ladd, and then bade farewell to the disconsolate parents and four bereaved sisters.

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“ALL HAIL TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.”

APRIL 19, A. D., 1861.

Oh Massachusetts ! noble heart ! in thee we well may trust ;
Our holy flag shall not be trail'd by traitors in the dust,
While thou hast heroes yet to give like him who fell to-day,
And when in midst of circling foes in Death's embrace he
lay,
Could nerve his soul with such high strength ere burst its
prison bars,
And hurl defiance in the cry, “All hail the Stripes and
Stars.”

“All hail the Stars and Stripes,” he cried, though fast the
death eclipse
Was stealing o'er his glazing eyes and on his stiffening lips.
O, then a flash like lightning went through all the old
Northland,
And all shall say no battle-death could ever be more grand :
That in the glory of the fight, not one of all the slain
Shall greener laurels wear than he who missed its iron rain.
Search, History, all thy wide domain, more royal sight than
this
Thou shalt not see at Marathon or sea-washed Salamis ;
Nor where the famed three hundred kept the Persic host at
bay,
And won their high and deathless name at old Thermopylæ.
Write thou, how with his outstretched arm he held his con-
queror, Death,
And hailed our sacred Stars and Stripes with fast expiring
breath.

O, Massachusetts ! take him back to thy maternal breast,
Inurned within thy steadfast heart let him forever rest.
Thou hast no tears for such as he—let joyful pæans roll,
Not often such a hero dies or passeth such a soul.
Then welcome be to death and woe and all war's ghastly
scars,
When such as he shall lead the van and bear the Stripes
and Stars.

MRS. L. A. MCGAFFEY.

Loudon, Ohio, 1861.

THE GREAT NAVAL AND LAND BATTLE.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

Long and anxiously had the people of the loyal States been waiting for the great Armament under Commodore Dupont to make a demonstration against some rebel point on the coast ; and when it was announced that the fleet had sailed, a breathless anxiety hung over the minds of all. But when a furious storm, scarcely equalled in our maritime history, swept along the coast, and the sea ran mountain high, and our brave tars were tossed and rocked by its raging billows, painful was the suspense, fearing that our fleet had shared the fate of the Spanish Armada. Fresh in the mind was the recollections of the disaster at "Sewall's Point," and then the sad thoughts of the defeat at Bull Run had not ceased. But thanks to an overruling Providence, the fleet weathered the storm.

On the 7th of November, a lovely morning was ushered in ; the water was as smooth as the surface of a mirror, and there was scarcely enough wind to blow the smoke from a gun should it be fired. At 7 o'clock the meal pennants were hoisted on the war vessels, showing plainly that breakfast was an hour in advance of the usual time. That looked like work at an early hour. At half past seven o'clock there were no less than seven rebel boats in sight, one of which was the Gen. Clinch, so well known in matters pertaining to Charleston affairs. At 9 o'clock the signal for weighing anchor was flying, and in obedience to it the anchors quitted their muddy beds, being,

hove up by the brawny hands of jolly tars, who were fairly aching for a fight. The vessels soon started in the following order :

Main Squadron.

Wabash.
Susquehanna.
Mohican.
Seminole.
Pawnee.
Unadilla.
Ottawa.
Pembina.
Vandalia.

Flanking Squadron.

Bienville.
Seneca.
Curlew.
Augusta.
Penguin.
R. B. Forbes.

The main squadron were to do the fighting while the flanking squadron were to draw off the rebel boats. Subsequently a portion of both squadrons took up an enfilading position above the battery, and then did good service, keeping up an incessant fire while the large ships were shifting their position. Those little boats did fight manfully, and the names of their commanders will be handed down to future generations as brave and able men.

As they steamed slowly up the bay the houses and rigging of the transports were crowded with anxious spectators. After the fleet had gone up some distance, the Vandalia, towed by the Isaac Smith, proceeded up to join in the fight. By this time the rebel boats were putting themselves in position, while one of their transports, which evidently had been engaged in bringing troops down from Beaufort, started across the bay at full speed. The Matanzas occupied a splendid position. Just as we had anchored, which was five minutes before ten o'clock, the Hilton Head battery opened fire on the Wabash ; in ten minutes after another shot from the battery. Still the

ships stood on and did not apparently notice the efforts of the rebels until the Wabash came in range with the face of the battery, when she fired a shell at them which struck close to the battery. In a few minutes the Wabash opened a smart fire, throwing her shells into the woods where the rebels were encamped in some force. After firing a few guns to ascertain the range, she opened a broadside fire on both batteries. The other vessels opened their fire, and the shells fell thick and fast into the battery. The rebel steamers now opened a smart fire. The small gunboats now steamed rapidly ahead, and opened on them with their ten and eleven inch pivot guns. At fifteen minutes past ten o'clock the fire was so hot that they up steam and started for Broad River, the gunboats chasing them. By this time the shells were bursting in the Bay Point Battery at the rate of about two a minute, to which the rebels replied with rapidity and great execution.

The flagship and her division were rapidly drawing up to the point around which they were to turn so that they could come down along the shore and engage the Hilton Head battery, while the small gunboats took up independent positions, and battered away at Bay Point and the rebel naval vessels. As the Wabash turned, so that her broadside could bear upon the rebel fleet, she opened upon them, and soon sent them up the river for a time at least. About this time the Vandalia came up in range, and she delivered a splendid broadside to the Bay Point rebels, several of her shells making the sand fly inside of the work. She kept up a galling fire upon them until out of reach, when she devoted her attention to the rebel navy. During this time the Wabash, Susquehanna and Bienville had come around, and were close upon the Hilton Head battery.

At about twenty minutes before 11 o'clock, the Wabash

commenced operations on the Hilton Head battery in good earnest, delivering a broadside at one command. All her gun-deck armament is nine inch shell guns, while on her spar-deck they are eight-inch shell guns, with a ten-inch pivot aft, and a sixty-eight rifled Dahlgren gun on the forecastle. The noise was terrific, while the bursting of the shells was as terrible as it was destructive. I counted no less than forty shells bursting at one time, and that right in the battery and in the woods where about eight hundred rebels lay. In addition to this, the Susquehanna with her tremendous battery, aided by the Bienville, the Pawnee, and half a dozen smaller gunboats, was making the air brown with the sand, while the blue smoke of the explosion went to make up a most magnificent sight. The troops were wild with enthusiasm, and with deafening cheers they applauded the boldness and courage of the gallant naval officer. A moment or two elapsed—just time enough to load the guns—and again the scene was enacted afresh. The rebels replied with seven guns, which were worked splendidly, and from appearances, they did considerable execution. After the second broadside the firing became less concentrated, and it seemed as if each division on all the vessels were endeavoring to outvie each other in the rapidity with which they worked their guns.

The tide drifted the vessels quite fast by the battery, but they backed them considerable, so as to remain as long as possible; and at 11 o'clock they had reached as near to the reef as it was safe to go, and they were obliged to haul off to again take up their position, but giving them another broadside as they turned. To do this a track, circular in form and extended nearly five miles, must be sailed over. The Bay Point battery must again be passed, where there were several fine rifled canon, which were

well served; and the navy of the Confederates must receive their due share of the shells which were destined to be expended on this day's work. To this duty they undauntedly steamed up, while the little gunboats fought the steamers. About this time the firing on both sides materially diminished. Occasionally the rebels fired from either battery, which was replied to by the gunboats. As the Wabash and her consorts rounded to, to come down again and pitch into the battery, where they had made such a brief display of their skill, the troops again gave vent to their feelings in tones not to be mistaken. It appeared that with such a terrible fire poured in upon them they could not stand, and in the course of a few hours the Stars and Stripes must wave on the sacred soil of South Carolina.

At half past 11 they drew near to the Hilton Head battery again, the rebels keeping up a brisk fire upon them as they approached. Occasionally the pivot guns of the Wabash and Susquehanna threw a shell into the battery. At ten minutes before 12 o'clock again the ships were enveloped in a dense cloud of white smoke, and in a few seconds after, the shells were bursting into the battery in a splendid manner. The sand was flying in every direction, and it seemed impossible that any one could be saved from death who was within the walls of the battery. Such a sight was never witnessed before. The rebels now worked only two guns, but I will give them the credit of working them beautifully. This style of fighting lasted just 20 minutes, and in that time over two hundred shells had been burst over their heads and in the works. At ten minutes past 12, again the ships hauled off, firing a parting round as they left.

Bay Point battery ceased firing about noon, and hauled down the barred rag. At twenty minutes past 12, the

Bay Point battery opened fire on the Wabash, as she passed up to take her position. Five minutes afterwards the gunboats opened a terrible volley of shells on Hilton Head, breaching it in several places and dismounting one of the guns. This display of gunnery was a grand sight, and was only second to the broadside firing of the other ships. The gunboats kept up this kind of work several minutes, when they eased down and fired at intervals, so that there was a shell striking about once a minute. At this time the Pocahontas, which had towed a transport ship in, let her go, and came up to join in the sport — sport for us but death to them. At half-past 12 o'clock the gunboat Mercury, Acting Master S. G. Martin, came up close to us and stood right in towards the battery, and after taking a position, she opened fire with her thirty pounder Parrot gun, throwing in shell with great precision. Her conduct was brilliant in the extreme, and attracted the attention of the entire fleet.

At ten minutes of 1, not a rebel boat was to be seen, and from appearances they have gone behind the Point to take on board the troops, who cannot stand another round of broadside fighting. The battery is badly damaged, and the houses and tents bear the marks of shells, and it looks as if there was a stampede in the rebel camp. At five minutes of 2 o'clock the Wabash and her consorts are in position to advance, but they remain quiet and let the gunboats pepper away at the battery, which only replies with one gun, which looks as if they were only firing so as to deceive us while they embark their forces. At 2 o'clock we weigh anchor, and go still closer in, feeling assured that they have become pretty well used up, and will not or cannot injure us.

The transports now launch their surf-boats, nearly one hundred in number, and place the crews in them, all ready

to commence disembarking the troops. At half past 2 o'clock, the Wabash came down and fired one gun, and to our surprise there was no reply to it, although she waited for some moments. Signals were now made to the vessels and the firing ceased entirely. The ships got in order, and to our surprise, prepared to anchor.

At twenty minutes of 3 o'clock, a boat—the whale-boat of the Wabash—was manned, and, with a white flag flying over the bow and Commander John Rodgers in the stern, started for the shore. I can assure you that every stroke of the oars was watched by thousands of anxious people. She strikes the beach. Captain Rodgers, borne on the backs of true and trusty tars, with the Stars and Stripes floating over his head, and a large ensign, goes on shore, and at 3 o'clock precisely the Stars and Stripes wave in triumph over South Carolina soil and a deserted rebel battery. A glorious and brilliant victory has been won. All honor to the gallant seamen of the United States Navy. As soon as the good old flag was seen from on shipboard, our boys gave nine rousing cheers, and they were taken up from ship to ship, and the bands saluted the flag with the “Star Spangled Banner” and “Hail Columbia,” &c. Never was such a scene beheld, and I confess that my pen is not adequate to the pleasure, as well as the task, of describing it. For an hour the cheers of the patriotic soldiers made the air resound. Again we got under weigh and proceeded to within a half mile of the shore and anchored, and the debarkation was commenced, and till long after dark the work went on.

After the flag was raised on the old building, by the orders of Commander John Rogers, Captain C. P. Raymond Rogers ordered a detachment of seventy blue jackets, under the command of Lieutenant Barnes, and fifty marines, to land and occupy the fort.

Thus ended a brilliant naval victory, and when we come to look back and see how skilfully it was managed, we cannot fail to be filled with wonder. In the first place, to bring such a large fleet safely to this place, to cross over such a dangerous bar, and to buoy out a channel so that a tremendous fleet could manœuvre with ease in a splendid bay, deserves unqualified praise, to say the least. But, then, after all this has been accomplished, the brightest part of it remains to be told. Commodore Dupont found that he had to contend with two very powerful batteries or forts, each armed with rifled guns (120 pounders) and columbiads, and worked by men who would fight only as men can fight when their homes are about to be invaded. And, in addition to this, the skilful management of the vessels in the sailing department was no mean job, and so great was the responsibility resting on this point, that the working of the guns was but a secondary consideration. A dangerous shoal had to be coasted along, and then, if safely navigated, the ships could get within six hundred yards range of the enemy's guns. Notwithstanding all these difficulties they were surmounted by consummate skill and daring boldness which attracted the admiration of thousands of spectators, and will thrill the hearts of millions of Union men throughout the loyal North. The handling of the ships under the galling fire of a desperate enemy, when the balls were battering and flying over the ships in a perfect shower, was one of the finest pieces of seamanship ever witnessed. The Wabash expended nearly nine hundred shell in less than four hours, so it appears that while the rebels fought, the noble flag ship was not idle.

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